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ON THE SLOPES OF ARLING JACK
Museum Appropriation, 1928

by Augustus John

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VIRILE WORK BY AUGUSTUS JOHN

ENGLAND has no painter who has so completely escaped the pitfall of prettiness, which has so frequently snared the British school, as Augustus John. In fact, he might almost be accused of standing so straight that he leans slightly backwards. Yet he paints with such verve and relish, it seems probable that it is a natural preference which bids him turn for models to the slouching big-boned women of his pictures. He scorns "finish;" there is no fussiness about his work. An impression is caught by his vigorous brush; it is enough; the eager observing mind wants a fresh subject. His straightforward handling, his faculty of knowing exactly what he wants to say and saying it with greatest economy of effort, gives to his work a spontaneity and force which captivate not only the trained critic who may best appreciate his great technical talent but every honest observer.

For a number of years the Rhode Island School of Design has owned a virile crayon drawing by Augustus John. It is a woman's head sketched with facile sureness. The face is a coarse sensuous one, framed in untidy hair. The head is thrust forward, and the outline of the nude shoulders suggests a crouching position. It is obviously drawn from life, perhaps the head of a gypsy woman; for Augustus John knows the Romany folk well, and, it is said, can even speak their language.

Interesting as the clever drawing is, the Museum has recently acquired a far more significant example of John's work. It is an oil painting, formerly in the collection of Sir James Murray, entitled, "On the Slopes of Arling Jack," and it exhibits the qualities which have made the painter one of the most discussed artists in England.

An ungainly woman, long of limb, angular and awkward, has paused for a moment to gaze at the artist on her way across the hills. She is not posed; she is merely arrested; her knee is flexed; in a moment she will be off: such is the impression. In spite of her *gaucherie*, she has about her some-

thing of the rugged grace of a half-grown animal. When she continues on her way, it will be with a rhythmic stride. Though her hands clutch awkwardly at her dress, she has the poise of conscious health and youth.

No black and white reproduction does justice to the painting, for much of its charm lies in its color. The woman's skirt is of an intense blue, clear and liquid like deep water. The grass on which she walks is a vivid light green. The white of her blouse and apron is carelessly stippled with large orange-red spots. The farther hills are greenish-blue, those nearer hand are speckled with gray rocks, a patch of green echoing the foreground grass. In the ultramarine sky, a few puffy clouds hang above the horizon. The purity of the colors throughout the picture is remarkable and refreshing to behold.

The figure shows the strong lights and sharp shadows of direct sunlight on dress and face, yet the nearest hill is in shadow, and the pulsating liveliness of sunlight seems absent from the circumambient air. While the picture carries with it an atmosphere of out-of-doors, the atmosphere seems not quite authentic. But it does not matter. If we go to Augustus John looking for real-



CRAYON DRAWING

by Augustus John

Gift of Mrs. Gustav Radeke, 1921

ism, so called, we knock on the wrong door. Wherever was the grass so green or a woman's skirt of such a liquid blue? But if we turn to Augustus John for a vivid impression of the surrounding world, for intensity of vision and an original and sincere portrayal of essential truth, we find it tossed to us with prodigal hands.

M.A.B.

A "WARS OF TROY" TAPESTRY

IN 1927 the Museum acquired a fragment of a Gothic tapestry which is believed to be Franco-Flemish work from Tournai, and from one of the series illustrating the "Wars of Troy." It is a large piece, ten feet two inches wide by six feet eleven inches high, which has been cut off at both top and bottom from the original tapestry; and it is woven of fine, closely twisted wool, in the typical colors—red, blue, brown and gray. Apparently, it is one of the later Gothic pieces, and probably to be dated from the transitional period during the first quarter of the 16th century.

The subject is an episode from a battle in which six figures in the foreground are immediately concerned; while two others, whose heads are lost at the top, are evidently closely interested spectators, since they are facing the main group and are of equal size with them. At the lower centre a bearded knight who has been unhorsed is struggling to regain his mount, while the reins are held by a younger knight who gazes down at him with defiance and a third is leading the horse away by the bridle. From the right two knights, obviously of high degree, are riding to the rescue with weapons raised—themselves in turn being threatened by another warrior. The upper part of the field is crowded with knights whose smaller size indicates that they are at some distance away, and who have either their backs turned or their eyes directed away from the scene in front. One of them holds a staff with a floating banner, which doubtless bore some distinguishing legend or device, but of which only the lower tip remains. At the bottom, knights

who have already fallen are trampled underfoot—one in the lefthand corner being represented upside-down, in a rather contorted position; and another, at the right, lying stretched on his back, with a broken shaft sticking in his corselet.

Most of the knights are clad in plate-armor, but both leather and fabric garments are also represented, and with variety of type. Especially noticeable is the absence of weapons—none at all being evident but the broken shaft and the two hammers or small axes borne by the central figures, one of whom is wielding his in his left hand. There is also great variety in the types of faces of the knights, both as to age and condition; but they are all natural in expression and highly individual, very unlike the rather stiff, conventionalized, at times grotesque, faces usually seen on the 15th century tapestries—only one, to the right of the centre at the top, suggesting the earlier type. The superintelligent-appearing horses at first indicate a representation of some of the famous ones in the Trojan story—Achilles' divine pair, Balios and Xanthos (who on one occasion in the "Iliad" even had the power of speech), or Hector's Galathe; but horses like these are rather characteristic of Gothic tapestries. Landscape is indicated in two places between the horses' feet, by stones and marshy ground; and at the top, by a larger expanse of plain and river. In the upper lefthand corner a few buildings are represented. Doubtless the upper part of the original tapestry contained a fuller view of the walls and towers of Troy; the lower, the springing flowers usual in Gothic pieces; and both, the customary lines of French and Latin verses describing the scene. The colors throughout seem to have been used more for their effectiveness in the design than for realistically indicating materials—red being used for the plate-armor of the principal figure and the caparison of his horse, and blue for the head-armor of the horse and the fabric skirt of the knight. Red is also used, more realistically, for the lips of the knight and the blood spurting around the broken weapon in the breast of

the fallen warrior. Light-blue is used for the patches of water in the landscape; gray for the fleshparts of all figures, and gray or light-brown for the horses. At the sides, the field is terminated by narrow stripes in dull red and yellow and dark brown. The scene represented is so general, and the action so slight, that it might be almost any medieval encounter between knights; and certainly it could not be identified any further if it were not for the name inwoven, in French Gothic lettering, on the horse's caparison of the leading knight. This name offers at once the possibility and the necessity of attempting to identify the episode.

The literary source of the cartoons for the many "Wars of Troy" tapestries woven in France and Flanders after 1470 was evidently the medieval French prose romance written in 1464 by Raoul Lefèvre, chaplain of Philip Duke of Burgundy, under whose patronage Tournai became an even greater tapestry-weaving centre than Arras. While at the Burgundian court, about 1472, William Caxton translated and printed this romance; so that, as the "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," it became the earliest printed English book. Lefèvre's work was called a *recueil* because—in much the same way as Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," written soon afterward—it collected and harmonized several versions of the legend, although chiefly based upon the 12th century "Roman de Troie" of Benoît de Sainte-More. For that part of the story dealing with the siege of Troy in the time of King Priam, Homer was naturally the original source; but in the medieval romances only the general course of events and the names of the principal characters are Homeric—and on the tapestries the characters appear in medieval dress, and the names are often spelled in unfamiliar ways.

The name inwoven in this case seems to be: *le roi perhre*, or *persue*, or *persite*. Remembering that, in the "Recuyell," Diomedes was unhorsed by Penthesilea and afterward avenged by Pyrrhus, it is at first easy to believe that this is a case of *con-*

taminatio, or blending of two episodes actually remote from one another in point of time. However, there is not the slightest indication that the young knight is Penthesilea (whose identity is denoted in several ways on the famous tapestry in the Victoria and Albert Museum representing this scene); nor would it be expected that Pyrrhus, newly commissioned after Achilles' death, should look so old and seasoned a warrior. Moreover, in other cases the name is spelled either *Pirus* or *Pirrus*; and even though *Perhre* might be permissible, as Gothic tapestry spellings go, it is very doubtful whether the form of the lettering allows this name to be read out of—or into—it. The ninth letter may be an *s*, followed by either *u* or *i*. Most of the first book in the "Recuyell" is taken up with the story of Perseus, the son of Zeus and Danae; but he is never designated as a "king," nor are there any adventures narrated of him which would fit this scene. In the third book, which recounts the siege of Troy in Priam's time, more than twenty battles are described, and in most of them occur several encounters between knights wherein one unhorses another and has his horse led away. There are only two places, however, where a name resembling that on the tapestry is mentioned. One of the lists of heroes in this book—obviously in imitation of the Homeric catalogues—includes a "kyng perseus and the kyng of Thiction" from "the royaume of Ethiopie," who came to ally themselves with Priam; and who later are mentioned again as taking part in the first battle after the Greeks arrived from Tenedos before the gates of Troy: "Then cam to the bataylle of the partye of the troians the kyng perses wyth grete companye of knyghtes. At the comyng of the ethyopens began the bataylle mortall." Nothing more definite of the exploits of this Perseus is told, however. In the same catalogue is named a "kyng Pessemus of Panonye," who came to the aid of Troy with his cousin, "duc Stupex." This king has some interest for us, because of his appearance in the sixth battle, without arms: "The sixte bataylle



FRANCO-FLEMISH TAPESTRY

early 16th century

Museum Appropriation and Gift of Mr. J. J. Bodell, Mrs. Alfred M. Coats, Mrs. Murray S. Danforth,
Miss Ellen D. Sharpe and Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, 1927

ledde the kynge precemessus/that had his peple well induced to shote and drawe the boowe and wente wyth oute armes to bataylle mounted upon good light horses." It seems hardly possible, however, that this name, spelled either way, can be the one intended on the tapestry—where, also, the king himself is armed. One more Perseus is referred to—the king of Perse, (or Perce, or Parce), who took part in the eighth battle, led in person by King Priam to avenge the death of Hector: "The kynge Sarpedon of Troye assaylled kynge Neptolonyus/that was a passing stronge knyght/and kynge Sarpedon was born to the erthe that defended hym vailliantly and gaf so gret a stroke unto kynge Neptolonyus that he maad hym a grete wounde in his thye. Than cam to the batayll the kynge of parce that remounted the kynge Sarpedon wyth the ayde of his folke. Menelaus and the duk of atthenes assylled the kynge of perce and enclosed hym and his peple amonge hem/and slewe the kynge of perce/and maad the troians to recule by force." It

is barely possible that the coming of this King Perses may be the episode referred to, but the identification is very unsatisfactory; and this is all the more disappointing because on the larger "Wars of Troy" tapestries, where the action is more extended and detailed, and where several characters are named, the scenes are readily recognized and the written story is followed closely.

When William Morris was making the designs for his reprint of Caxton's translation of the "Recuyell," in 1892, he wrote: "It makes a thoroughly amusing story, instinct with mediæval thought and manners. For, though written at the end of the Middle Ages and dealing with classical mythology, it has in it no token of the coming Renaissance, but is purely mediæval. It is the last issue of that story of Troy which through the whole of the Middle Ages had such a hold on men's imaginations; the story built up from a rumour of the Cyclic Poets, of the heroic city of Troy, defended by Priam and his

gallant sons, led by Hector the *Preux Chevalier*. . . . Surely this is well worth reading, if only as a piece of undiluted medievalism." Although in several ways this fragment is apparently of the later Gothic period—such as in the freedom of movement of the figures, the types of faces, the use of the wide square-toed shoe, the spelling *roi* rather than *roy*, and the feeling of perspective and distance in the background toward the top—it illustrates the "Recuyell," in its medievalism at least, very well. C.M.M.

ALFRED GEORGE STEVENS

WHEN, in the second quarter of the 18th century, under the pick of the excavator, the villas of Herculaneum gave up their treasures of ancient art, and buried Pompeii began to emerge from its bed of ashes, a quickened interest in the culture and arts of Greece and Rome spread over Europe and was fanned to a passion by such enthusiasts as Winckelmann and Lessing. Admiration provokes imitation, and it was natural that in an art such as sculpture, in which the ancients so excelled, classicism should become the supreme mode. For a hundred years, all Europe produced statues which were pale revenants of Roman copies of Greek masterpieces. When portraiture was necessary, it was properly muffled in toga or chiton. From the exuberance of the rococo, art turned to a classic repose which had in it something of the inertia and emptiness of death. While sometimes possessing the gracefulness and charm which had distinguished Hellenistic work, the neo-classic art missed the nobility and grandeur the truer classicism of the Renaissance had attained. It was essentially artificial, impersonal, cold.

In an England which adored the inveterate classicist, John Flaxman, there was born in 1818 at Blandford in Dorsetshire, Alfred George Stevens, who was destined to be an island in the neo-classic stream which flowed in undiminished flood over British sculpture until the 70's. His father

was a house painter who did sign-painting and other humble decorative work when opportunity offered. As a boy in his father's employ, Alfred showed signs of an artistic gift beyond the requirements of an artisan. A local clergyman, the Reverend Samuel Best, of whom a vigorous pen and ink portrait by the boy's hand is now preserved in the Tate Gallery, recognizing the struggling talent, contributed fifty pounds toward sending him to London to study. The young artist had displayed an aptitude for drawing animals and desired to become a pupil of the great animal painter of the day, Sir Edwin Landseer. However, Landseer was then at the height of his popularity, and it was found that a course of study with him would cost far in excess of any sum young Stevens could offer. It was therefore decided that he should go to Italy, that hospice of artistic genius for so many centuries.

He reached Italy in 1833, disembarking at Naples with sixty pounds in his purse and brave hopes in his heart. He visited Pompeii when the spades of the excavators had just begun their work, and a little water color, now in the Tate Gallery, of a newly revealed Pompeian street, is a record of his visit. He had come to Naples to study the canvases of Salvator Rosa, but the work of that versatile and impassioned artist left him cold, and he turned to the simple sincerities of Giotto and the consummate painting of Andrea del Sarto. He made numerous studies from the paintings that interested him and executed faithful copies of masterpieces, which he was able to sell to dealers. After spending about two years in or near Naples, he determined to visit the other great art centers of Italy. He walked from town to town, paying for his food and lodging wherever possible by sketching the innkeepers or the local celebrities. How interesting would be a collection of these portraits executed by the clever pencil of the young Alfred Stevens, could they be assembled! As he journeyed through that land so rich in art, always he was working, studying, absorbing. When he reached Florence he was ravished by

its charm, as have been so many travelers before and after him, and he remained there three years, supporting himself by copying Aretino Spinello's frescoes of the life of the Virgin and other old masters.

After a year in Milan, studying architect-

sculptor, and while his own artistic temper was alien to the master's undeviating classicism, the association probably had a great deal to do with Stevens's becoming the greatest English sculptor of his time. His earlier studies in Italy had been chiefly in



VALOR TRIUMPHING OVER COWARDICE

Study group for the Wellington Monument

by Alfred Stevens

Museum Appropriation, 1928

tural ornament with Albertoli, he retraced his steps to Rome, sojourning for a time in Venice to copy some of the glorious paintings by Titian there. In Rome, after a brief career as clerk of works to a builder, he met Thorwaldsen. He became a student and assistant of the famous Danish

the field of painting. Now, his work in Thorwaldsen's studio not only afforded him an insight into the technicalities of the sculptural art, but its atmosphere, coupled with his warm admiration for the older artist, must have quickened his interest in the great works of the Renaissance sculp-

tors and sown the seed of the impulse to emulate them.

In 1842, after some nine years study in Italy, he returned to England with an emptier purse than when he left it but with a wide and intimate knowledge of the

work of teaching, and his great abilities and charming personality soon won the devotion of his students. In fact, associations formed then were kept up long after he gave up teaching because of his disgust with bureaucratic supervision, and his



TRUTH TEARING OUT THE TONGUE OF FALSEHOOD

Study group for the Wellington Monument

by Alfred Stevens

Museum Appropriation, 1928

great art of the past and a thorough grounding in the chief forms of artistic endeavor. After a few rather futile years trying to adjust himself to his environment, he was offered a position in the Government School of Design at Somerset House, London. He was then twenty-seven years old. He threw himself with enthusiasm into the

former pupils became his assistants.

The varied experience of his Italian years had encouraged in Stevens a versatility quite amazing. As well as his more ambitious efforts in painting and sculpture, he illustrated books, among them Homer and Shakespeare; conceived, and carried out entirely with his own hands, the

decoration of two manor houses; worked out original ideas for military costumes; and designed a railway carriage for the King of Denmark which so pleased his Majesty that the designer had the honor of declining a warm invitation to come to Copenhagen. In 1850, he accepted a position as chief designer for Messrs. Hoole, Robson and Hoole, metal workers of Sheffield. Thereafter, stoves, fire dogs, fenders, grates and numerous other metal objects for daily use were produced after Stevens's designs, and at the Great Exposition of 1851, their combined qualities of practicality and good taste won for the manufacturers a number of medals. That a great artistic genius should put his talent to such humble uses reminds us of the poet's phrase, "The stars are not afraid to appear like fireflies."

In 1852, Stevens returned to London, where he gave whole-hearted attention to any artistic problem which presented itself. He designed the vases on the railing and the seated lions that used to crown the posts in front of the British Museum. He painted some admirable portraits. Receiving a commission for some church decorations, he brought the fruits of his years of devoted study of the great murals of the Renaissance to its accomplishment. One of his greatest achievements was the chimney-piece for the dining-room of Dorchester House, Park Lane, London. The wide shelf of veined gray marble is supported by two crouching caryatids of exquisite beauty executed in marble of snowy whiteness. Meier-Graefe says that the spectator has to combat the impression "that these same figures recline in other poses on the tombs of Florence." Yet in these noble sculptures, Stevens was not imitating Michelangelo; he was creating afresh in a similar manner. Imitation always misses the substance of greatness, and even a photograph of the mantelpiece shouts to us that these figures are great sculpture.

But Alfred Stevens's masterpiece, the crown of his accomplishment, was undoubtedly the Monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral. In

September, 1856, just four years after the great Duke's death, announcement of a competition for a design for a fitting monument in his honor was published in the newspapers. Stevens decided to compete, and having done so, plunged enthusiastically into the work of making the model. He worked at it absorbedly, but such was his passion for perfection that the model was literally a last minute entry, since he and a friend were carrying it into Westminster Hall just as the clock was striking twelve on the last day for submitting designs. Stevens's model was the sixth choice of the judges, but when the competitive designs were tried under a model of the arch in St. Paul's which was the proposed site of the Monument, his model alone stood the test.

Upon the acceptance of his design, Alfred Stevens went to Italy and made a thorough study of the great monuments that abound there. Returning to England, he devoted the rest of his life to the realization of his conception. As a fitting setting for his Monument, he worked out a complete decorative scheme for the interior of St. Paul's. He executed numberless sketches for these decorations, and while many of his plans never attained fruition, the mosaics in the dome are from his designs.

The Wellington Monument is constructed in marble and bronze. The sarcophagus of white marble on which reposes the effigy of the Duke lies under a classic marble canopy supported on Corinthian columns whose surface is delicately carved with a foliated diaper pattern. On the arch of the canopy rests the great pediment for the bronze equestrian statue, which Stevens's pupil, John Tweed, executed after Stevens's designs, and which was not set in its place until 1911, many years after the great designer's death. On the stepped ends of the great pediment or upper story, Stevens placed two bronze allegorical groups: one group representing Valor triumphing over Cowardice; the other, Truth plucking out the tongue of Falsehood. These allegorical groups in the grand manner stand at the peak of England's achievement in

monumental sculpture.

The Rhode Island School of Design has been most fortunate in acquiring for its museum collection Stevens's studies for both the *Valor* and the *Truth*. They are in bronze, with a rich brown patina. The *Valor* is 25½ inches, the *Truth*, 23½ inches high, and while they exhibit slight, interesting differences from the great finished groups on the Monument, of such breadth is their conception and their execution so masterly, that they succeed in giving an impression of grandeur beyond their size.

Valor is a noble draped female figure, holding in her right hand a knotty club, at her left, an oval shield. She is seated in a calm untroubled attitude, her right knee raised with foot upon a shield under which is the crouching male figure of Cowardice. The latter has braced his foot on the ground in an effort to raise himself from his ignominious position. That his efforts will prove futile is obvious.

If the *Valor* has a beautiful dignity, the *Truth* possesses a sublime beauty even more impressive. As *Truth* bends gracefully forward to tear the tongue from the throat of the repulsive *Falsehood*, who is half man, half slimy creature of the deep, she is like a gracious Madonna. There is about her a lovely patience as she pulls slowly at the tongue, secure in the strength which does not need to exert itself overmuch. Her face is more individual than that of the *Valor*, who has something of the conventional classical cast of features. *Truth's* right foot is pressed against *Falsehood's* chest. There is no weakening of her resolve; she means to get the tongue out of the slanderous throat.

A great nobility informs these groups. In them smoulders a tremendous and assured strength. They are not like so many allegorical and ideal groups, poor in content, but they embody a great and deeply realized imaginative conception. Technically they show a broad and bold treatment, reaching for essential truth with no fussing over details. Of course, the groups in the museum are studies only, and the sketchy character of certain parts, such

as the left arm of the *Valor*, should be understood for what it is. Alfred Stevens was an artist whose conception grew as he worked.

Whether it was a piece of sculpture or a painting he had in hand, Stevens felt his way by means of dozens of sketches, usually in red chalk. These working drawings he would toss to the floor when the idea he was working for had been seized, and it was thanks to an attendant in the studio who carefully picked up the discarded papers and put them away in a cupboard, that the large collection of Stevens's drawings now in the Victoria and Albert Museum exists for the instruction and delight of posterity. The Rhode Island School of Design owns a red chalk drawing of a nude woman, back to spectator, advancing to right with arms raised. It is evidently a study for some painting. It is a beautifully executed female figure, the modeling around the waist especially fine, the feet well-drawn. As Sir Walter Armstrong has pointed out, Alfred Stevens was the first significant linear draughtsman of the English School in the nineteenth century. Until the pre-Raphaelite movement, when it became fashionable to imitate the early Italians even to their working methods, it was not customary for painters to approach their work on the canvas by way of careful structural studies.

For a man of his genius, Alfred Stevens's artistic remains are exceedingly small. Of this greatest of modern English sculptors, so little work exists that it is likely never to be as widely known as his merit deserves. We may congratulate ourselves that we now have here in Providence study groups for what is universally considered to be his greatest achievement and, to heap the measure, a representative drawing from his hand.

M.A.B.

A PAINTING BY JOHN NOBLE

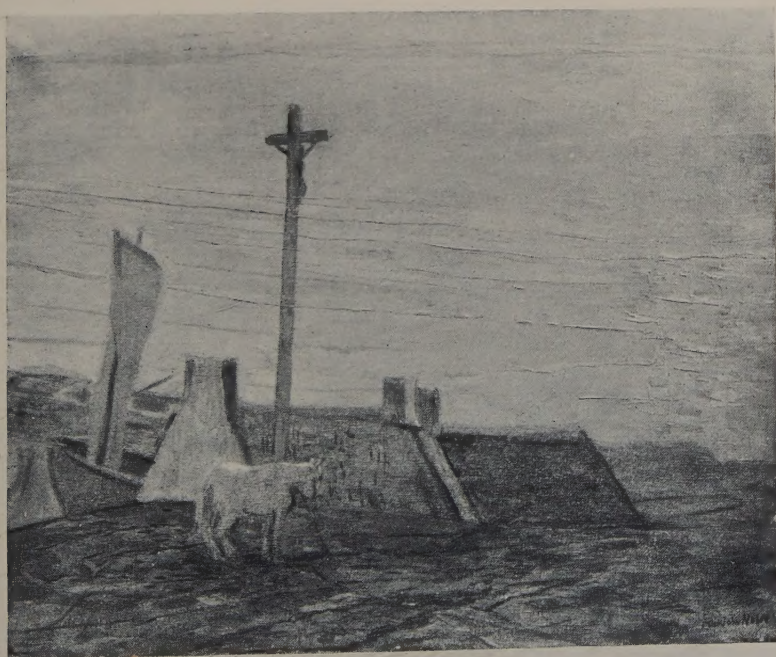
THE life story of an artist is not necessary for the understanding of his paintings, yet in the case of John Noble it has an interest which enhances one's appreciation of his work.

John Noble was born in Kansas in 1874. The Southwest was then a frontier country, and it is said his mother had to guard against his being stolen by the Indians. During his boyhood on his father's ranch near Wichita, his aptitude for drawing revealed itself but met with no encouragement from the practical ranchman, his father. But he had a talent that lack of encouragement could not kill, and his father finally gave his consent to his going to Cincinnati to study. Less than a year at the Eden Park Art School was all the formal instruction he received until in his late twenties he went to Paris. The intervening years had been spent drifting about the West, as sheep herder and general ranchman, painting pot-boilers as opportunity offered, and restlessly seeking the will-o'-the-wisp called "life." He worked hard in Paris and found an inspiring teacher in Jean Paul Laurens. He left Paris for

Brussels, from whence he made frequent excursions to Brittany, so falling under the spell of that picturesque region that he finally established himself at Pont Croix.

It was in Brittany, where the present seems but an echo of the past, that the restless spirit from the ranchlands of the West found peace and fulfillment. John Noble painted the world as he saw it through the tender Breton sea mists, and he knew his work was good. He sent two paintings to the Paris Salon, and they were hung. It was the beginning of success in his chosen work. When shortly afterwards he completed his picture of the Breton peasant folk blessing the sea, "The Benediction of the Sea," he knew artistic self-realization was his.

After some nine years in Brittany, painting the sea in a way the sea had never been painted before, John Noble moved to the sunnier province of Picardy. Here he re-



BRITTANY CROSS

by John Noble

maintained until the outbreak of the war in 1914 drove him to London, where he met with such financial success that he felt he could now satisfy his longing for his native prairie. Since his return to America in 1919, Mr. Noble has lived in Kansas, in Provincetown, and in New York City, and each locality he has recorded in luminous paintings which translate actuality into a realm of eternal dream.

The Rhode Island School of Design has this winter purchased one of John Noble's paintings of Brittany. Gazing at the picture, one is conscious of a serene sea stretching illimitably into a yellow-green mist permeated with the tender diffused light of a sun whose flattened waith hovers low in heaven, dropping a ghostly gleaming path over the water. From an eminence in the foreground rises a lofty cross on which the Christ hangs facing the sea. Behind and below it may be seen the roofs of cottages and a fishing boat with a salmon-colored sail. In the foreground, at the foot of the cross, is tethered a white horse, a patient tired nag, not too well drawn, whose presence seems too incongruous and too pointed to be other than a symbol. So in fact he is, on John Noble's own confession. He is one of the old white horses used by the fishermen in Brittany to draw their boats up on the shore. He is a symbol of the hardworking fisher folk he serves, of all who, having labored well, have "earned a night's repose;" he is a symbol which John Noble, for one, would be glad to have carved on his tombstone.

"The Brittany Cross" by John Noble is a picture to pause before. Its opalescent mystery holds a spiritual secret worth finding out. There is a vast serenity in the picture and at the same time a mystical expectancy. It brings us to the edge of an unfathomed world and invites us to embark on an indefinable spiritual experience. That a former cowboy, sometime known as "Wichita Bill," could have conceived and executed such a painting is one of the unplumbed mysteries of personality. It surely proves one thing, if proof be needed: that as water will find its level, so will the soul of man.

M.A.B.

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Twenty-five cents admission to the museum is charged on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and the museum is free on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Free transferable tickets admitting four persons on pay-days are sent to all members of the corporation. Art students and artists, on application to the authorities, may obtain free tickets of admission for any pay-day. Teachers with pupils of both public and private schools will be admitted without payment upon application.

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